SECRET

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November 8, 1962 - Thursday

Admiral Roland, Commandant of the Coast Guard, called on me this morning. He is visiting its stations throughout Europe. A personable [redacted] man.

I took a midday train for Southampton, lunching aboard. I was met by our Consul, Mr. Wade, a Texan, who, before joining the Foreign Service, had considerable political experience. I thought him keen and practical.

First, I went to see his house in the suburbs, and had a talk with his wife. The place is owned by our Government, and entirely adequate for representation purposes. Next, I saw our other house, also pleasantly situated, before inspecting the Consulate. Two of the English employees there have been employed by the U.S. for over thirty years. I was impressed by the efficiency of the operation. Our other Foreign Service Officers are Messrs. Mucci and Stadtler.

Returned to London just in time to dress for attendance at our Marine Corps Ball. After dinner, General Van Ryzin placed himself, me, and the ranking British Marine Corps General in front of the orchestra, where we stood at attention for ruffles and national anthems.

Then, to my complete surprise, I was asked to make a speech. I really punished the audience for our host's inadvertence. I traced the history of the U.S. Marine Corps back to the time its men roasted Montezuma. I sent them on horseback, well armored, from Quito to the mouth of the Amazon. Dates and exploits became hopelessly confused, but I think the Marines liked this unveracious review of the careers of their mythical predecessors as Conquistadors.

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Early this morning Stella Reading telephoned to say she intended to fly to New York for Mrs. Roosevelt's funeral. Our flag is at half-mast as a mark of respect.

Andre Visson called from Lauzanne on another subject.